#1
$2.95 US
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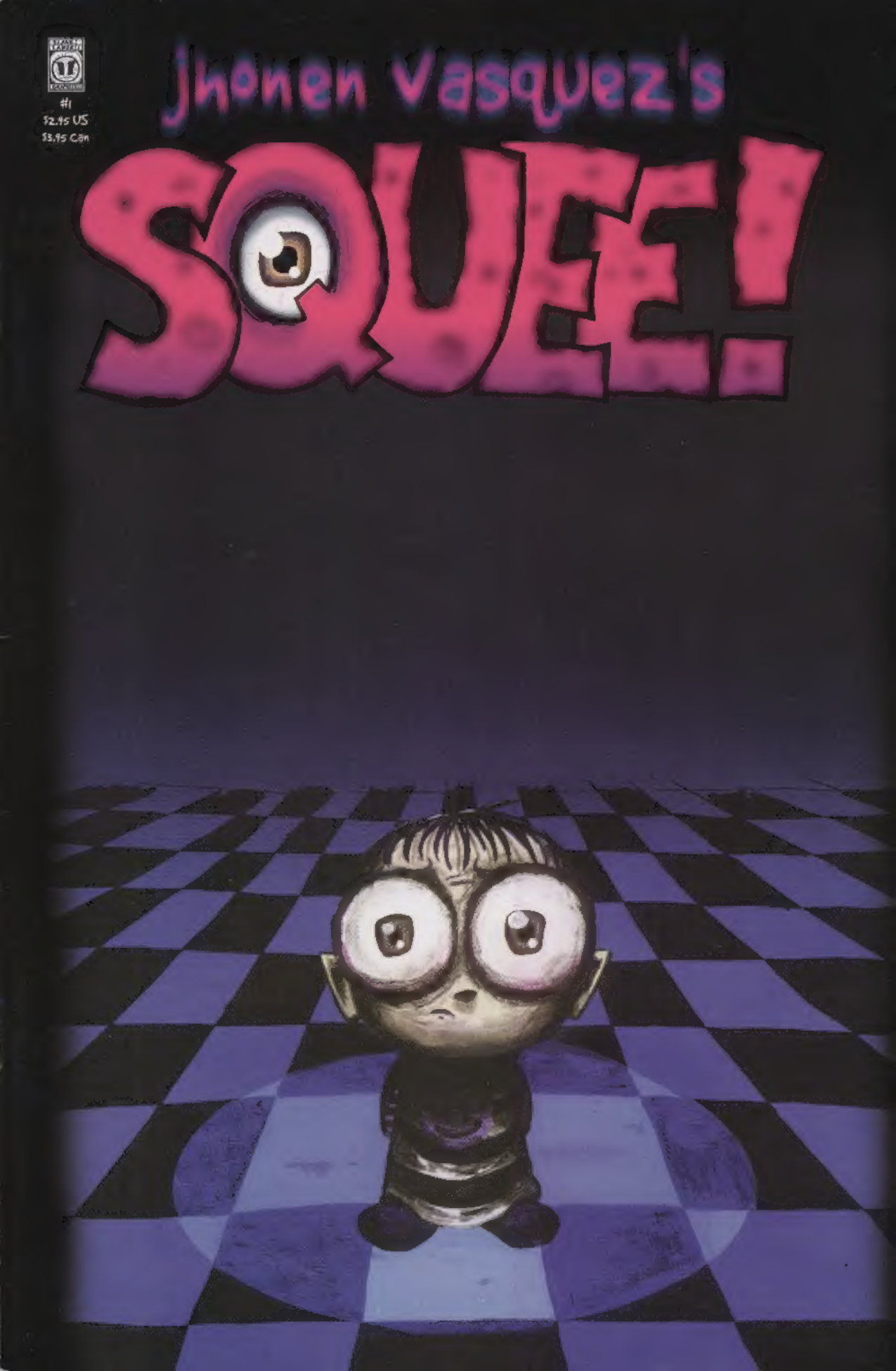
Jhonen Vasquez's

SQUEE!



SQUEE! issue # 1

MADE, AT THE EXPENSE OF ANYTHING
RESEMBLING A SOCIAL LIFE, BY

JHONEN VASQUEZ

MrEff777@aol.com

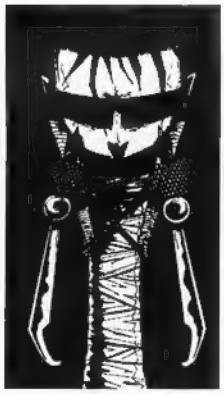
SQUEE#1 April 1997 • Published by those spooky, dead babies at Slave Labor Graphics 979 S. Bascom Ave. San Jose, CA 95128. SQUEE! and all it's pierced nipple-ripping contents are tm and © "DOPE-ASS" Jhonen Vasquez. No part of this publication may be reproduced or forced down a loved one's throat without the written permission of Jhonen Vasquez and Slave Labor Graphics. I don't know about you, but I feel like going dancing, and having all those idiots give me dirty looks for not dancing the RIGHT way. Then maybe I'll drive home screaming with the stereo. Those little food characters on commercials always spooked me- they were always so happy and trying to get you to eat them. That's just not right.

Second Printing - December 1997

Printed in Canada

ENTER MY SPOOKY DOOMPIT!!!

STUFF YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT BUT SHOULD KILL TO HAVE!!!

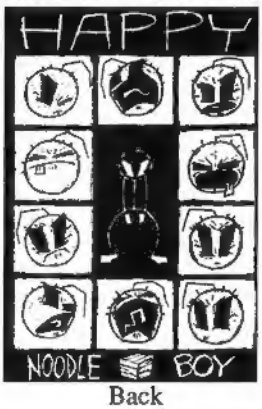


Front

Back

This is the Johnny shirt that all your ugly friends are wearing. White on black shirt, two sided. $15.95

Front



Back

This Happy Noodle Boy shirt makes people sick. White on black shirt, two sided. $15.95 + $2.50 postage

POSTERS - The cover of issues #1 and #3 are available as full color posters (without the price and other company logos). Price of the posters are $9.95 each plus $2.00 postage.

JOHNNY BACK ISSUES - We keep all of the individual Johnny issues in print (we have no first printings so don't ask). All are cover price. Postage is $1.75 for the first comic and 25¢ for each additional comic.

TRAUMA

Hello, children. Well, THAT was the first issue of SQUEE!! Please, do try to contain your spasms of joy, or dismal disappointment and read this little bit of nonsense I have written here. Somebody who saw some advanced material from this book noted what they felt to be a disturbingly large amount of children exploding, being thrown, or just plain getting messed up. See, I have nothing against children (they're really cool, and they stay crunchy in milk.) I explained to my terribly misguided friend that what I was drawing and writing about was NOT the product of my diseased present, rather these were the things I thought about as a little kid myself. I was witness to more than a few dog attacks, subject to more than a few bitter rigid educators, and paralyzed by fears of aliens and Antichrists!! And I could only DREAM of my classmates getting blown apart by deathrays. SO, I hope you all enjoyed this first issue as much as my test audience of muns did. Issue #2 should be out in July, so long as I do not die a grisly death on the roadtrip I am taking in May. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the Academy, as well as all of the readers who have stuck like smashed mosquitoes with me from the start of the Johnny the Homicidal Maniac series. And for those of you just starting up with this book, you might want to check JTHM out, as it is the first place little Squee appeared. The JTHM trade paperback will be out in July, full of a much extra material, and instructions on how to rule the world. I should be doing an Ann Gwish shirt for Carpe Noctem magazine, currently running JTHM comics. I went to show awhile back and saw the singer wearing a Happy Noodle Boy shirt, and a girl with NNY painted on her jacket. I was frightened. I ran like a frightened little monkey. Send photos so that I mess with them in my computer. I might print the most ruined heads in the book.

DON'T MAKE ƎM TƎLL FATHƎR ON YOU.

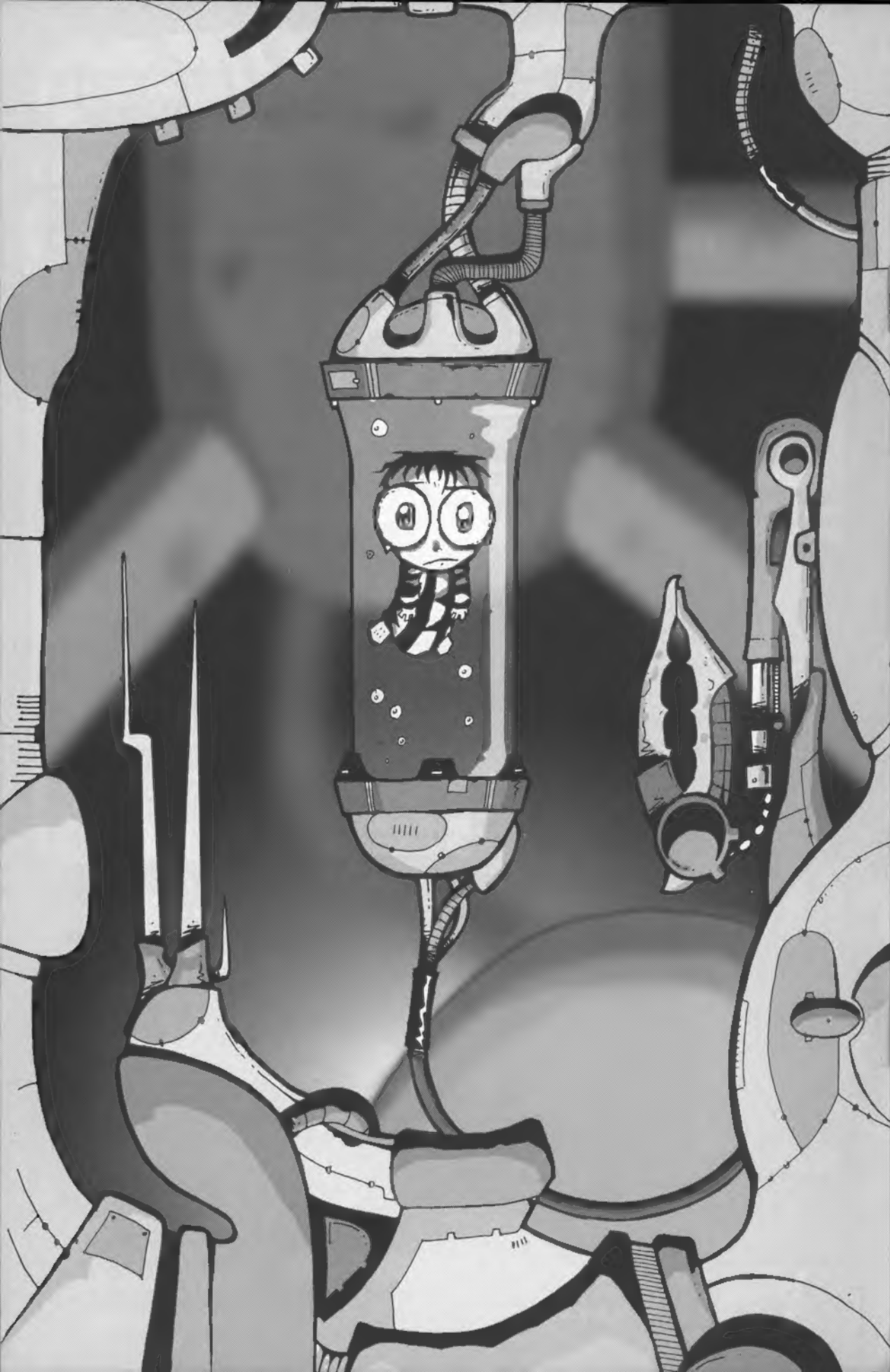
Thərə is no arguing that thə world is going to həll, that no utopia awaits. Just accəpt what you know to bə truə. So, if all is collapsing, thən why not furthər this sociətal dəgənəration by supporting Slavə Labor Graphics? Call for catalogues, shipping or stock information, placə crədit card ordərs. All thəsə things arə possiblə.

Yourə alrəady sælling your soul....

WHY NOT JUST SƎLL IT TO *US?*

1-800-866-8929

TOLL FRƎƎ (for wə filthy Amərican pigs)

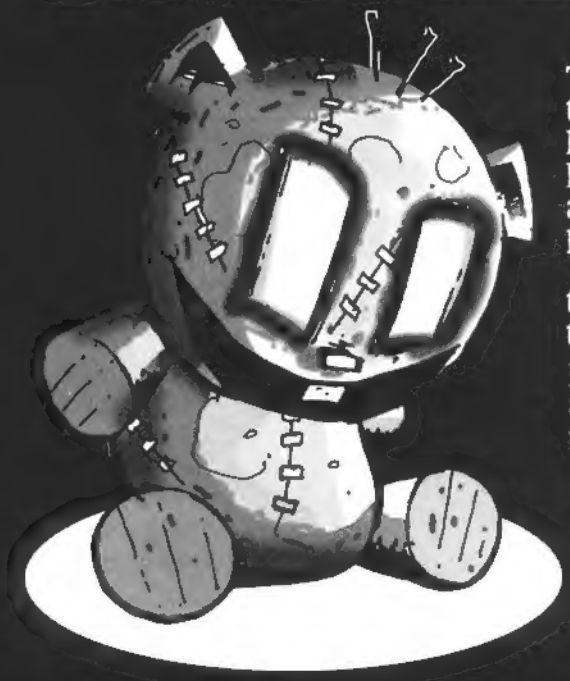


WHEN I WAS LITTLE

. . . I would pull the covers up over my head and hope that it was enough to ward off the things that I hoped would leave me alone while I slept- not that I could ever sleep. I was afraid of so much, doubtful of so little, and would jump at the slightest sound, because some part of me never refused to believe that these nightmare things were ever impossible. I was afraid of big, strange dogs, afraid of seeing dead babies appear in the corner of my room, afraid of crank callers from the grave, afraid of being abducted by aliens, afraid of dying in some war started by stupid people, afraid of so many diseases, afraid of seeing the Devil's silhouette through my curtains, afraid of slipping into some dead other dimension and never getting back, afraid of having a voodoo curse put on me, afraid of being possessed by demons (which some say has already happened.)

And with those fear stained blankets pulled over my head, I know that it was never about actually believing they would protect me from any horror, it was about keeping myself blind to ever really finding out if ANYTHING was real enough to be afraid of.

Being afraid meant there was a chance that whatever frightened you was something that actually existed, that these translucent voiceless ghost -infants were out there, somewhere, just waiting for you to find them some night, that Devil REALLY was watching you, wanting you.

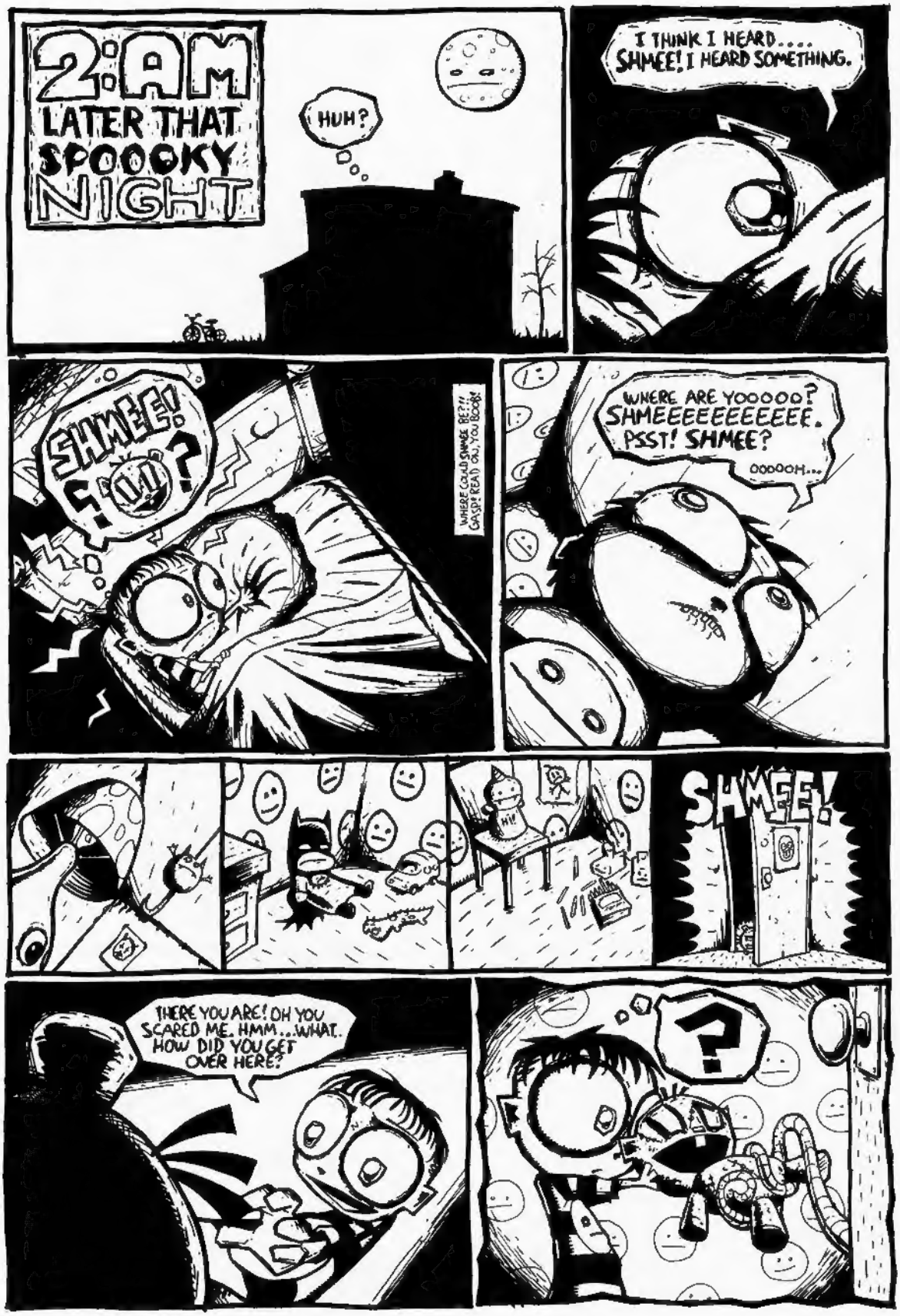


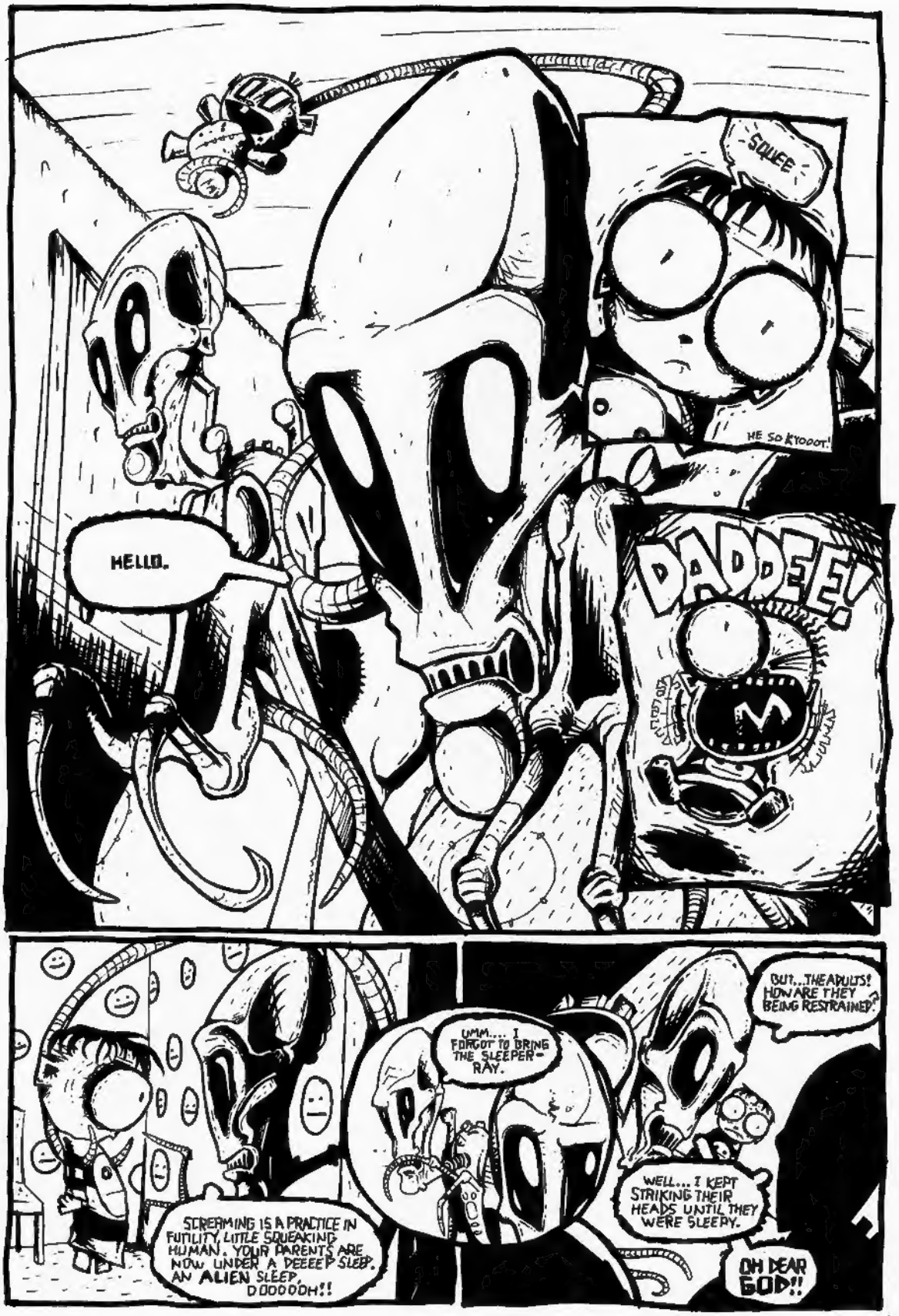
SEE. . .

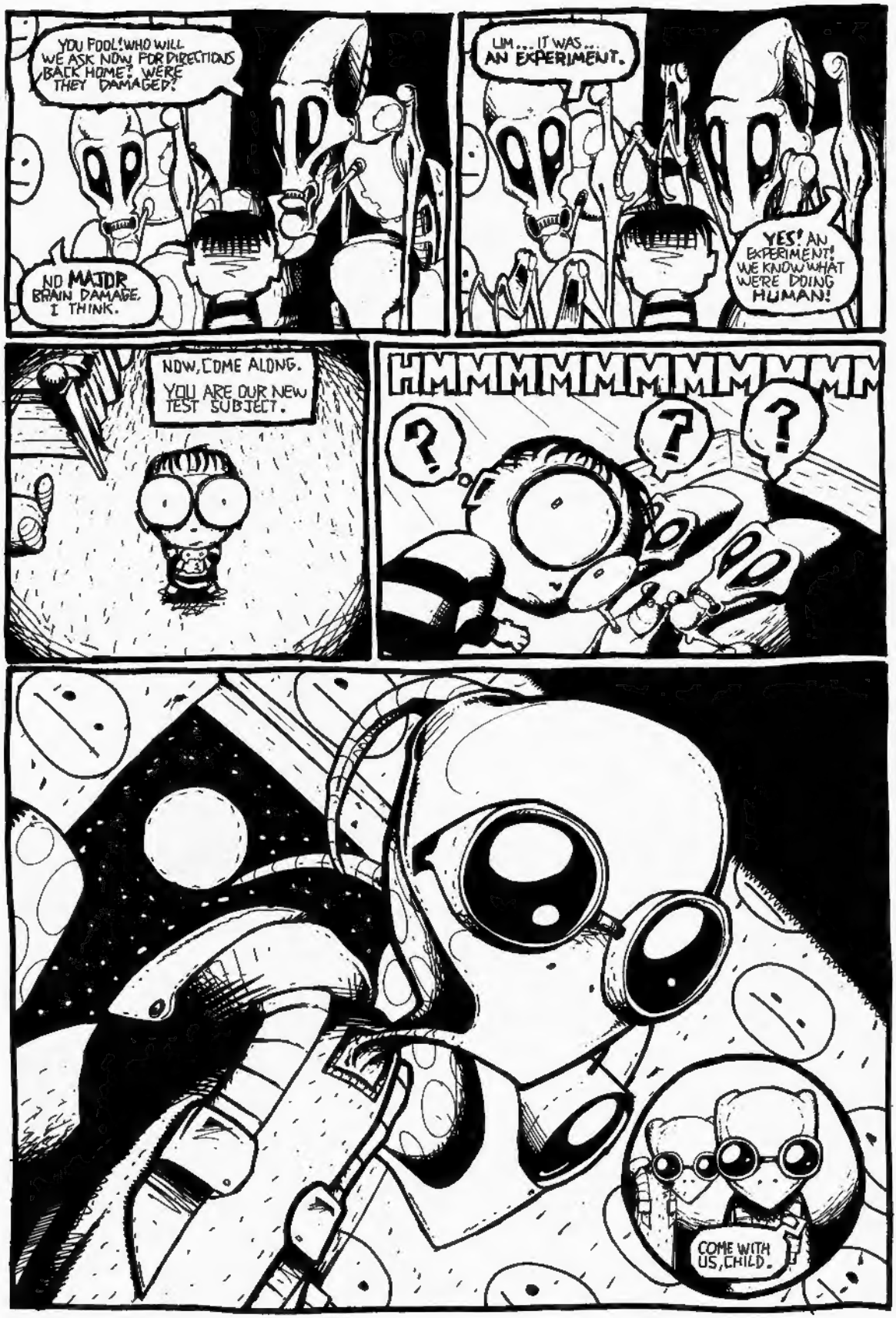
There was a sense of comfort I got from that dread of things supernatural, lurking where only such things lurk. But, so far as I can tell, I've never seen a ghost, or shuddered in the actual presence of a GOD or a DEVIL.

And where I once hid from these things, I now stay up dreaming about them, knowing that even if I pissed my pants at the sight of them, I would at least KNOW that the world was full of something MORE, something real beyond this machine life that replaced the little universe beneath the blankets.

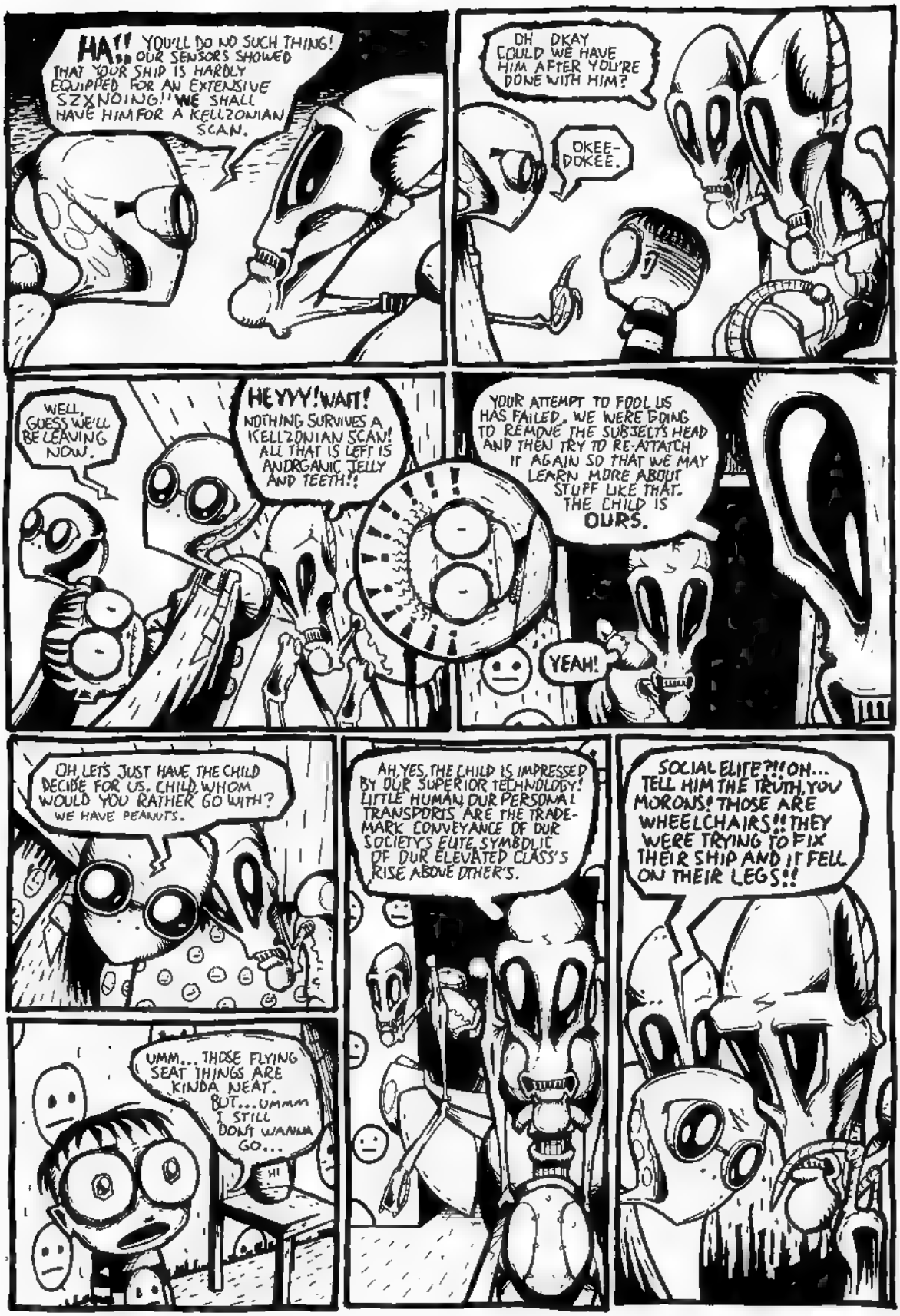
UMMM...
DEAR MISTER, OR MISSUS GOD
SOUL!
by JHONEN V.
written, pencilled, inked, painted and photographed by JHONEN V.
I'M SO alone...
Hi.
UMM... I HEARD SOME PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT YOU ON TELEVISION... SO... I THOUGHT, MAYBE, YOU COULD HELP ME.
UMM... I HAVE SOME MONEY.
BOB
MY DADDY ISN'T HAPPY. SOOO... I WANT HIM TO HAVE WHATEVER HE WISHES FOR.
I AM KLOWN.
GOD, I WISH THAT KID WERE NEVER BORN.
THANK YOU, AND AMEN.
J.V.


2:AM LATER THAT SPOOOKY NIGHT
HUH?
I THINK I HEARD.... SHMEE! I HEARD SOMETHING.
SHMEE!?
WHERE COULD SHMEE BE?!! GASP! READ ON, YOU BOOB!
WHERE ARE YOOOOO? SHMEEEEEEEEEEE. PSST! SHMEE?
OOOOOH...
SHMEE!
THERE YOU ARE! OH YOU SCARED ME. HMM...WHAT. HOW DID YOU GET OVER HERE?
?

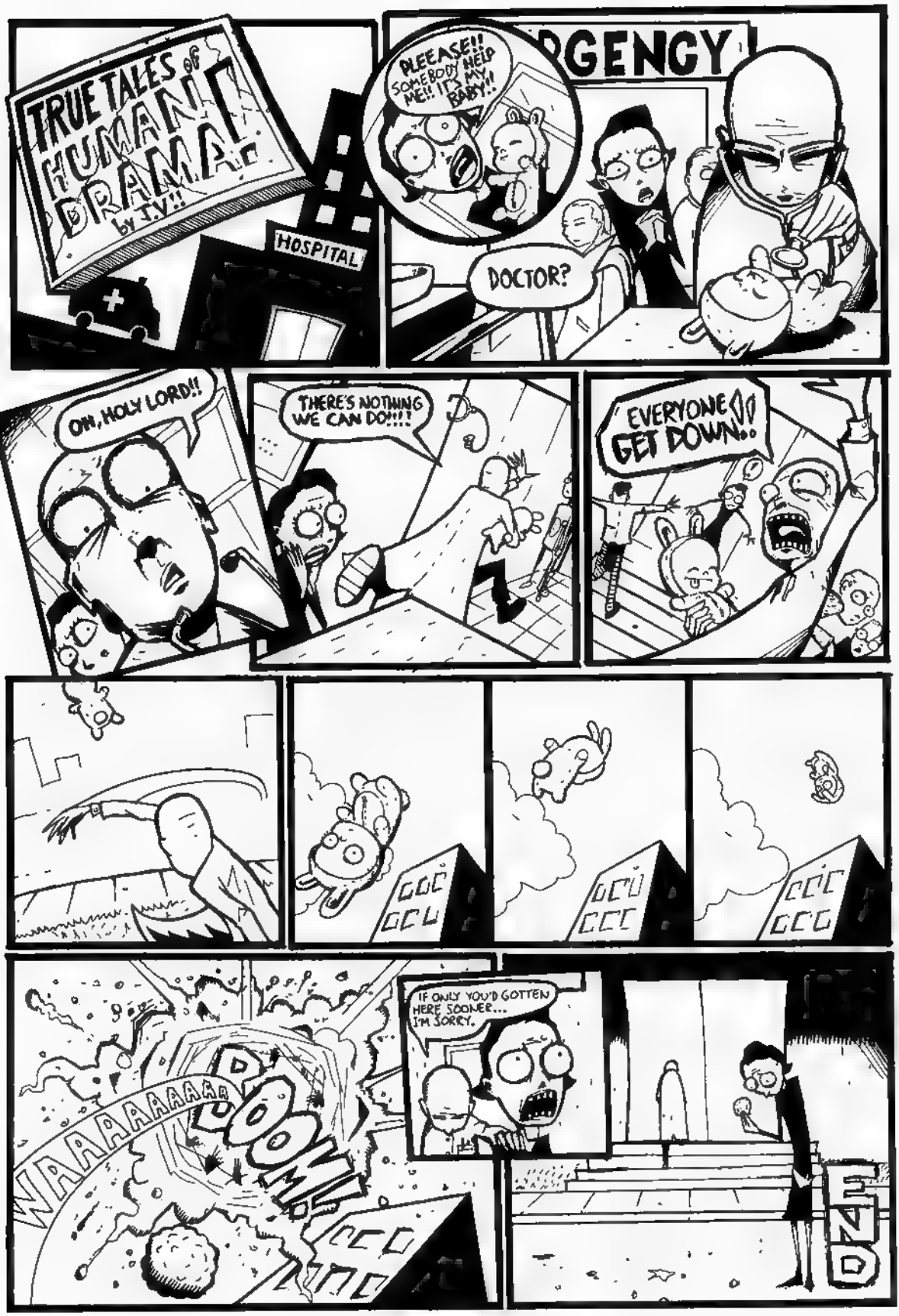

SQUEE
HE SO KYOOOT!
HELLO.
DADDEE!
SCREAMING IS A PRACTICE IN FUTILITY, LITTLE SQUEAKING HUMAN. YOUR PARENTS ARE NOW UNDER A DEEEEP SLEEP. AN ALIEN SLEEP. DOOOOOH!!
UMM.... I FORGOT TO BRING THE SLEEPER-RAY.
BUT...THE ADULTS! HOW ARE THEY BEING RESTRAINED?
WELL... I KEPT STRIKING THEIR HEADS UNTIL THEY WERE SLEEPY.
OH DEAR GOD!!

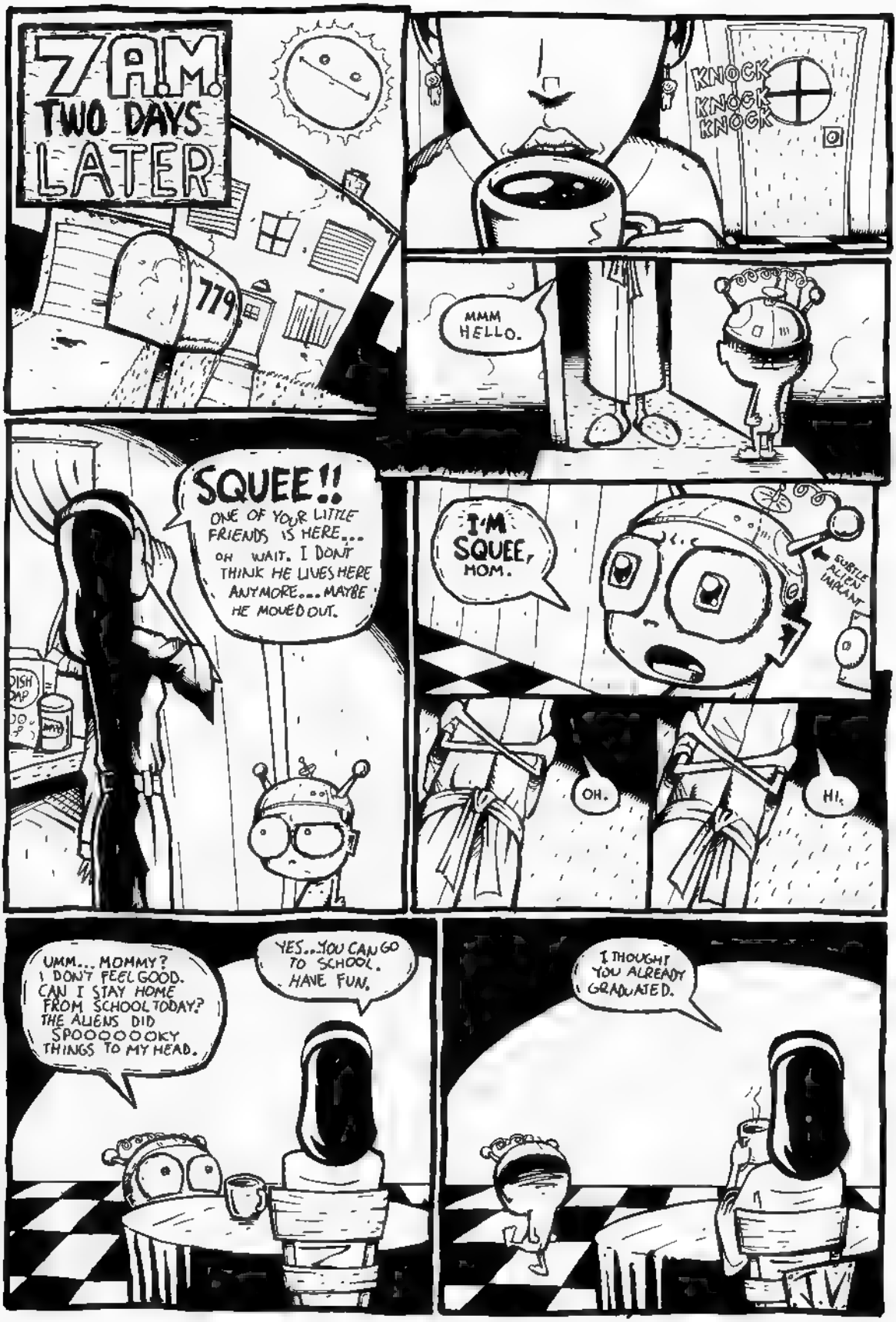

YOU FOOL! WHO WILL WE ASK NOW FOR DIRECTIONS BACK HOME? WERE THEY DAMAGED?
NO MAJOR BRAIN DAMAGE. I THINK.
UM... IT WAS... AN EXPERIMENT.
YES! AN EXPERIMENT! WE KNOW WHAT WERE DOING HUMAN!
NOW, COME ALONG. YOU ARE OUR NEW TEST SUBJECT.
HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
?
?
?
COME WITH US, CHILD.

NO. THE BOY COMES WITH US. WE'VE MANY IMPORTANT TESTS TO PERFORM.
I THINK NOT. IT IS VITAL THAT WE DO OUR HIDEOUS TESTS ON THIS SUBJECT.
HI!
WE WERE HERE FIRST.
ARE YOU REALLY SO INEPT?
CAN'T YOU FIND YOUR OWN SPECIMENS, RATHER THAN MONITORING OUR TRANSMISSIONS TO FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE GOING?
INEPT?!! WE DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!! WE REALLY DON'T. WHAT'S IT MEAN? ANYHOW, THIS HUMAN IS PERFECT FOR OUR STUDIES AND THERE WILL BE NO DISCUSSION.
HMMM...
UM... I WANNA DISCUSS, PLEASE.
YOU CALL YOUR PUNY "STUDIES" MORE IMPORTANT THAN OURS? WE PLAN ON DOING A FULL CRANIAL SCAVENGE.
NONSENSE!! WE WILL DO AN EXTENSIVE SZXNOING!!
BORDER OF TERROR

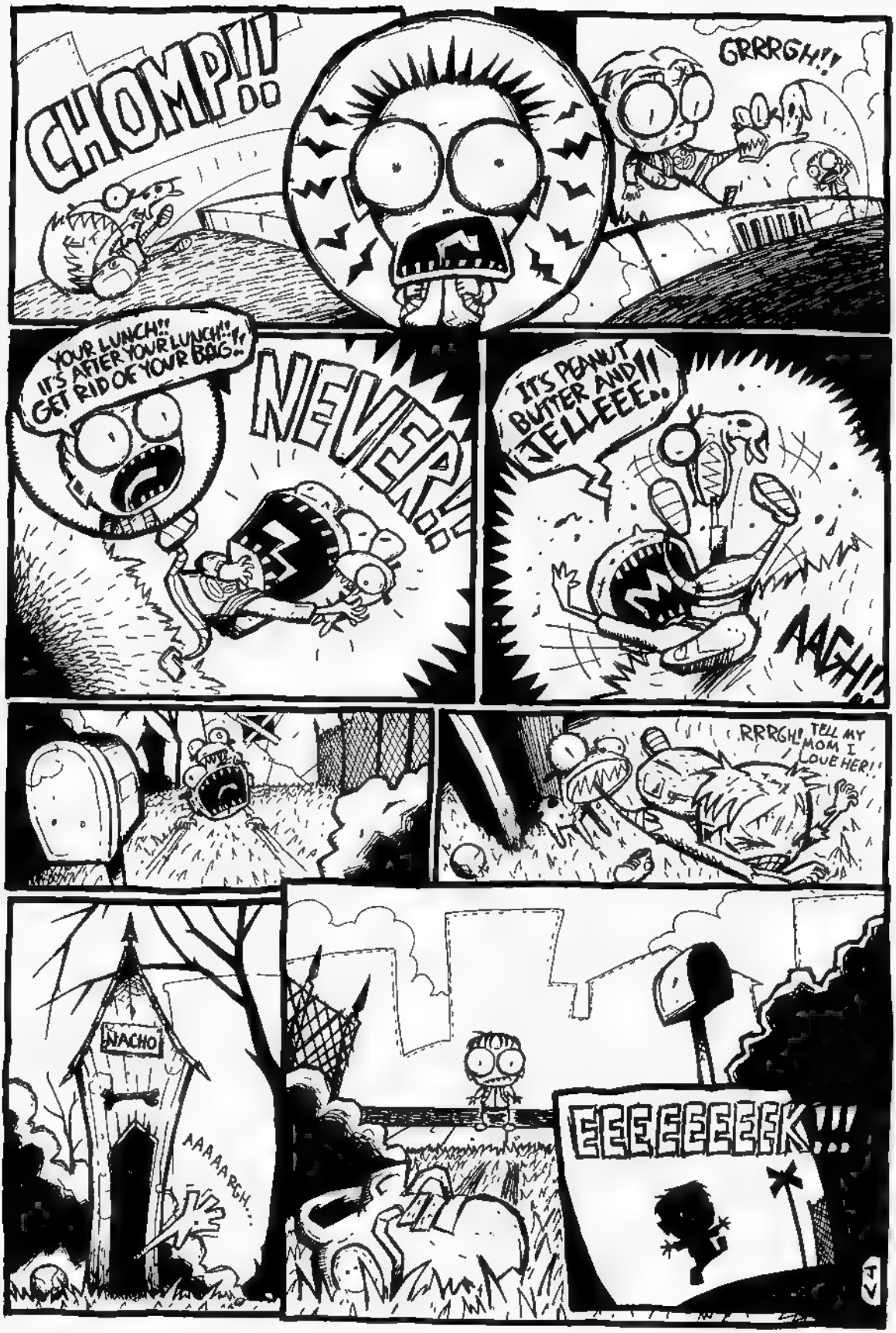

HA!! YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING! OUR SENSORS SHOWED THAT YOUR SHIP IS HARDLY EQUIPPED FOR AN EXTENSIVE SZXNOING!! WE SHALL HAVE HIM FOR A KELLZONIAN SCAN.
OH OKAY COULD WE HAVE HIM AFTER YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM?
OKEE-DOKEE.
WELL, GUESS WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW.
HEYYY! WAIT! NOTHING SURVIVES A KELLZONIAN SCAN! ALL THAT IS LEFT IS ANORGANIC JELLY AND TEETH!!
YOUR ATTEMPT TO FOOL US HAS FAILED. WE WERE GOING TO REMOVE THE SUBJECT'S HEAD AND THEN TRY TO RE-ATTATCH IT AGAIN SO THAT WE MAY LEARN MORE ABOUT STUFF LIKE THAT. THE CHILD IS OURS.
YEAH!
OH, LET'S JUST HAVE THE CHILD DECIDE FOR US. CHILD, WHOM WOULD YOU RATHER GO WITH? WE HAVE PEANUTS.
UMM... THOSE FLYING SEAT THINGS ARE KINDA NEAT. BUT... UMMM I STILL DON'T WANNA GO...
HI
AH, YES, THE CHILD IS IMPRESSED BY OUR SUPERIOR TECHNOLOGY! LITTLE HUMAN, OUR PERSONAL TRANSPORTS ARE THE TRADE-MARK CONVEYANCE OF OUR SOCIETY'S ELITE, SYMBOLIC OF OUR ELEVATED CLASS'S RISE ABOVE OTHER'S.
SOCIAL ELITE?!! OH... TELL HIM THE TRUTH, YOU MORONS! THOSE ARE WHEELCHAIRS!! THEY WERE TRYING TO FIX THEIR SHIP AND IT FELL ON THEIR LEGS!!

YOU GUYS ARE JUST IDIOTS!! YOU MAKE OUR HEADS HURT. FINE! JUST TAKE THE CHILD, AND SHUT UP.
YESS... TAKE THE CHILD.
MYSTERIOUS ALIEN WIGGLE
HERE! ALL STUFFED IN A SACK FOR YOU. SHEESH!
HA!
WE ARE DEFEATED! HEH... HEH..
ZOOOOM
AAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
I DON'T SEE WHY THEY ARE LAUGHING. THIS IS INCREDIBLE.
YES.
OH!! THE CHILD HAS BEGUN TO TRANSFORM!!
J.C.V


TRUE TALES of HUMAN DRAMA
by J.V.!!
HOSPITAL
PLEEASE!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!! IT'S MY BABY!!
DOCTOR?
OH, HOLY LORD!!
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!!!!
EVERYONE GET DOWN!!
WAAAAAAAA
BOOM!
IF ONLY YOU'D GOTTEN HERE SOONER... I'M SORRY.
END


7A.M.
TWO DAYS LATER
779
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
MMM HELLO.
SQUEE!!
ONE OF YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS IS HERE... OH WAIT. I DON'T THINK HE LIVES HERE ANYMORE... MAYBE HE MOVED OUT.
I'M SQUEE, MOM.
SUBTLE ALIEN IMPLANT
OH.
HI.
UMM... MOMMY? I DON'T FEEL GOOD. CAN I STAY HOME FROM SCHOOL TODAY? THE ALIENS DID SPOOOOOOKY THINGS TO MY HEAD.
YES...YOU CAN GO TO SCHOOL. HAVE FUN.
I THOUGHT YOU ALREADY GRADUATED.

A WALK to SCHOOL
I FEED MY BABIES BLOOD
I'M GLAD I CAN STILL BRING YOU TO SCHOOL WITH ME, SHMEE! I CAN HIDE YOU IN MY POCKET, NOW.
TEDDY BEAR STUFFING.
THIS WAY THE OTHER KIDS DON'T PUNCH MY HEAD.
THOSE KIDS...
DONT WALK
THEY LAUGH AT ME WHEN THEY READ MY STORIES, EVEN THOUGH SOME OF THEM CAN'T EVEN READ.
WHAT'S THAT, SHMEE?
NOOO... SETTING PEOPLE ON FIRE IS WRONG. HEE HEE. YOU'RE SILLY, SHMEE.
LOOK! IT'S ANDY!
KNOW WHAT, SHMEE? ANDY'S MY NEW FRIEND AT SCHOOL! HE'S REALLY NICE AND STUCK UP FOR ME LAST WEEK. IT'S NEAT HAVIN' A FRIEND NOW.
LETS SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM AND SAY "BOOH" OR SOMETHIN.
HEE HEE HEE
I AM SNEAKY.
WHEE!
HUH?
WOOF!
GRRRR
WHEE!


CHOMP!!
GRRRGH!!
YOUR LUNCH!! IT'S AFTER YOUR LUNCH!! GET RID OF YOUR BAG..!!
NEVER!!
IT'S PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLEEE..!!
AAGH!!
RRRGH! TELL MY MOM I LOVE HER!!
NACHO
AAAAARGH..
EEEEEEEEK!!!

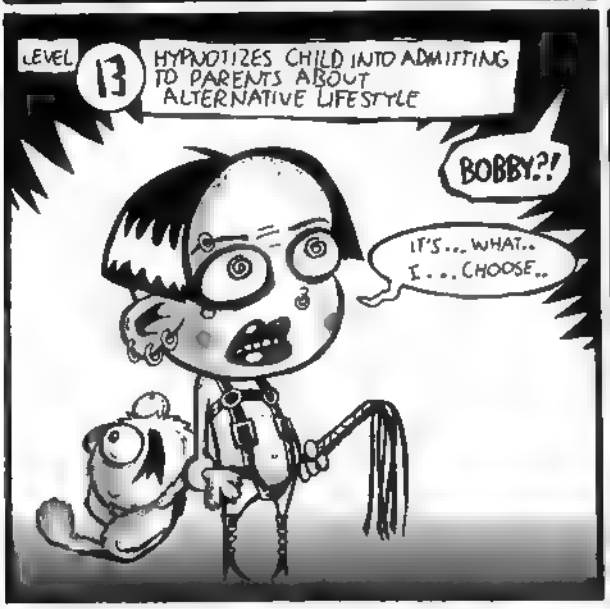
LEVEL 3
HELLMO BEGINS TO QUESTION THE NATURE OF THE RELATIONSHIP.
WHY DO YOU KEEP TOUCHING ME?
LEVEL 4
USES GUILT AS DIVERSIONARY TACTIC!!
AWW, LOOK, WHATCHA DID! LOOK WHATCHA DID! HADDA SQUEEZE ME, DIDN'T YA!?
DON'T WORRY, PARENTS! IT'S ONLY PIG-BLOOD!
LEVEL 5
SHARP POKE WITH STICK!!
JAB!
LEVEL 6
SECRETES SUBSTANCE INDUCING VICIOUS RASH AND TEMPORARY ISLINDNESS!
WHAAA!
BOING
LEVEL 7
STARTS RECITING GOTH POETRY.
WEEPING, I CREPT INTO THE DANKEST REGIONS OF MY DANKY DOOM DO
NO HOPE
MASCAR
HOPE
SEEING LIFES OVERWHELMING BLEAKNESS.
LEVEL 8
ALTERS CHILD'S TASTE BUDS SO THAT EVERYTHING TASTES LIKE PORK.
I AM SICK
CHURN GURGLE

LEVEL 9
PRONGED BOLTS POP OUT FROM HELLMD'S SIDES, RELEASING ONLY AFTER CONSCIOUSNESS FAILS!
FINE!! HOLD ME THEN!
SNIKT!
PAINT FACE
MAINSTREAM COMIC SOUND!

LEVEL 10
UTILIZING INJECTED NANO-TECHNOLOGY, HELLMD CAUSES SEVERE NEUROLOGICAL DAMAGE.
I CAN'T FEEL NO MORE!!
MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF FLOPPY, DEAD ARMS
DESTROY DESTROY DESTROY

LEVEL 11
SUMMONS LOCAL MONKEYS TO BRUTALIZE CHILD.
WE OBEY!
KIDS LOVE MONKEYS

LEVEL 12
HELLMD CALLS UPON HIS LORD, SATAN, TO STARE AT CHILD AT BEDTIME.


LEVEL 13
HYPNOTIZES CHILD INTO ADMITTING TO PARENTS ABOUT ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE
BOBBY?!
IT'S... WHAT.. I... CHOOSE..

LEVEL 14
FOR THE "WIRED" CHILD, INTERNAL MODEM USES JUNIORS E-MAIL ADDRESS TO THREATEN THE PRESIDENT
BLAM!
WE GOT 'IM SIR.

LEVEL 15
HELLMO'S FEET EXPLODE WITH DEADLY SHRAPNEL, OBLITERATING LITTLE JORGE'S NETHER REGIONS!
HEE! HEE! HEE!
AND STILL THEY TICKLE, THAT KOOKY DOLL!!

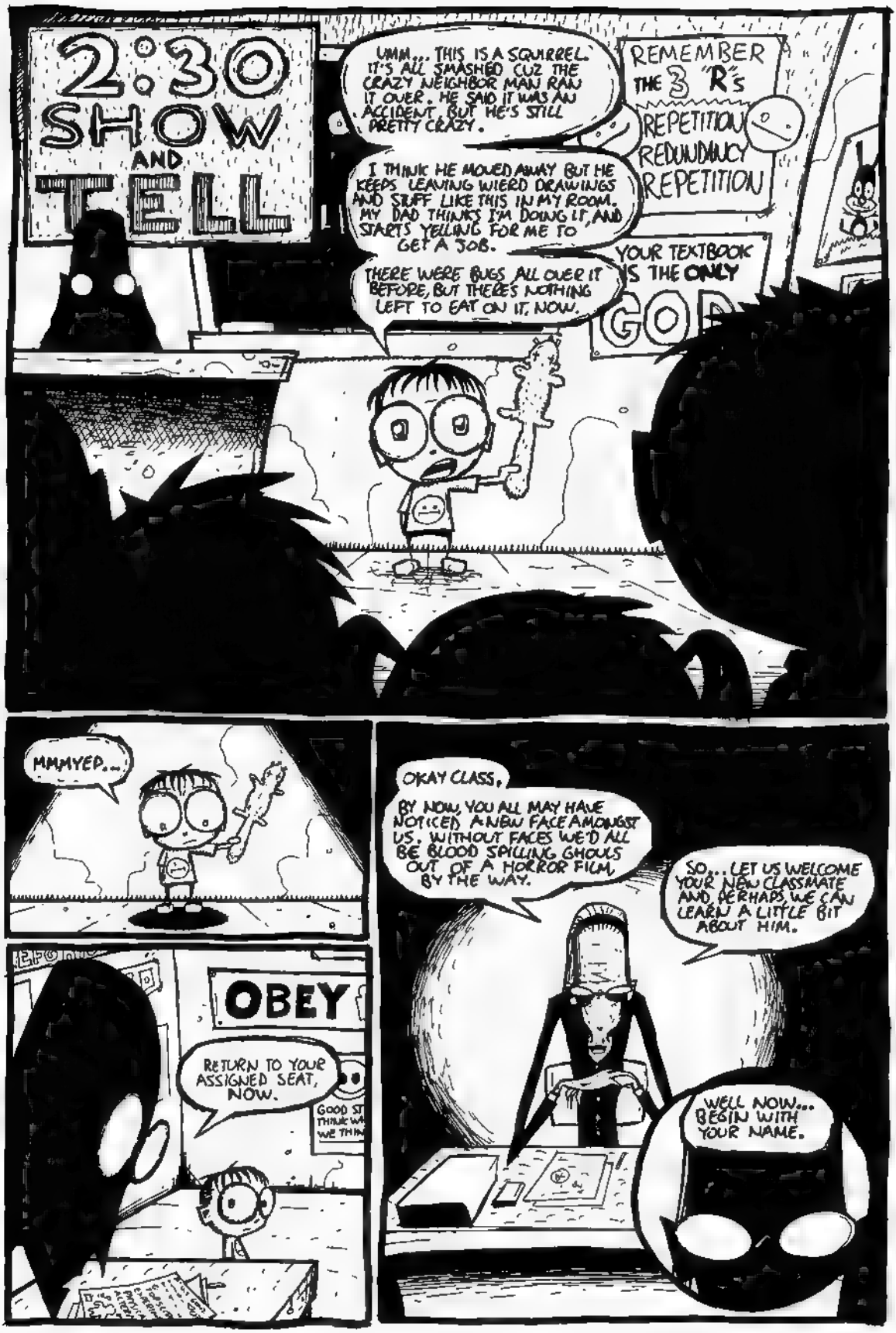
LEVEL 16
RE-ENACTS THE TORTURE SCENE FROM RESERVOIR DOGS.

LEVEL 17
FORCES CHILD TO WATCH AS HE BRINGS ABOUT THE COLLAPSE OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.
GASP!
BAD STUFF IS HAPPENING

LEVEL 18
TELEPORTS NINJA STARS INTO YOUR INTESTINES!!
YARGH!

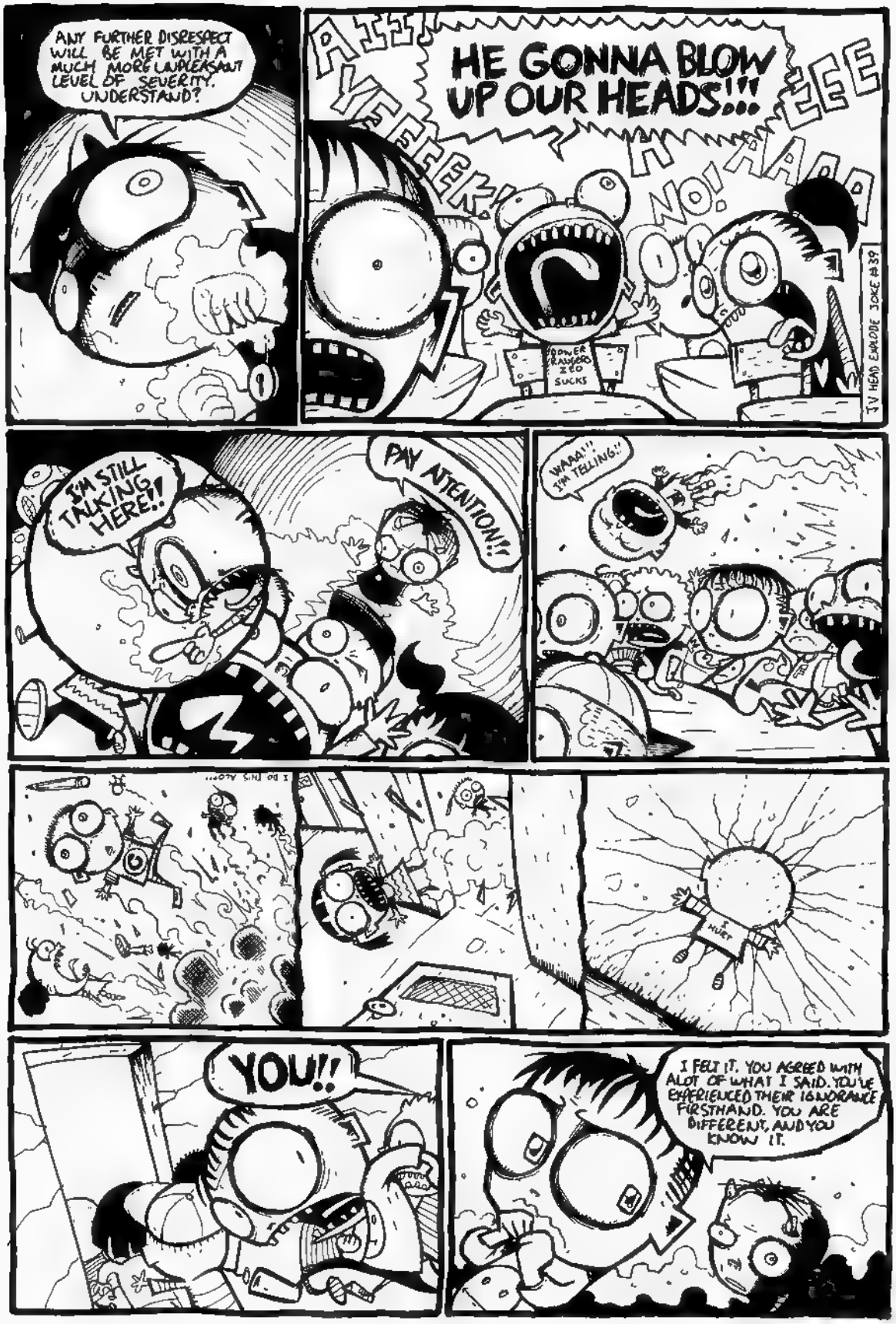
LEVEL 19
FIRE ANTS!!
AND, MAYBE, AFTER THAT HE'LL THROW BEES AT YOU BEES ARE SCARY.

LEVEL 20
WE WON'T SPOIL THE FUN FOR YOU! FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF!!!
TICKLE-ME HELLMO!
IT'S THE DOLL ALL THE KIDS ARE SCREAMING ABOUT!!
JV


2:30
SHOW
AND
TELL
UMM... THIS IS A SQUIRREL. IT'S ALL SMASHED CUZ THE CRAZY NEIGHBOR MAN RAN IT OVER. HE SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, BUT HE'S STILL PRETTY CRAZY.
I THINK HE MOVED AWAY BUT HE KEEPS LEAVING WIERD DRAWINGS AND STUFF LIKE THIS IN MY ROOM. MY DAD THINKS I'M DOING IT, AND STARTS YELLING FOR ME TO GET A JOB.
THERE WERE BUGS ALL OVER IT BEFORE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO EAT ON IT, NOW.
REMEMBER THE 3 "R"s
REPETITION
REDUNDANCY
REPETITION
YOUR TEXTBOOK IS THE ONLY
GOD
MMMYEP...
OBEY
RETURN TO YOUR ASSIGNED SEAT, NOW.
OKAY CLASS,
BY NOW, YOU ALL MAY HAVE NOTICED A NEW FACE AMONGST US. WITHOUT FACES WE'D ALL BE BLOOD SPILLING GHOULS OUT OF A HORROR FILM, BY THE WAY.
SO... LET US WELCOME YOUR NEW CLASSMATE AND PERHAPS WE CAN LEARN A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HIM.
WELL NOW... BEGIN WITH YOUR NAME.

MY NAME?
I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES.
SON OF THE DARK PRINCE, CHILD OF DARKNESS. SOME CALL ME THE ALTAR BOY OF DOOM. OTHERS WILL KNOW ME AS THE SECOND COMING OF DAMNATION.
MY MOM CALLS ME PEPITO.
WE JUST MOVED HERE FROM NEW YORK - IT WAS TOO COLD THERE. MOM AND DAD MET ON A CARNIVAL CRUISE THEN HAD ME. MOM IS A SOCIAL WORKER. SHE WORKS WITH KIDS.
FATHER IS ALWAYS AWAY ON BUSINESS. HE WORKS WITH EVERYBODY. HE'S FAMOUS. HIS PICTURE IS ON CANS OF TUNA AND ON VACUUM CLEANERS. I'VE WATCHED AS HE FED UPON THE SOULS OF THE DAMNED AND CORRUPTED THE MINDS OF THE WILLING.
MY DOG'S NAME IS WOOFLES.
FATHER ASKED ME TO KEEP THIS A SECRET, BUT I'M SO TERRIBLE WITH SECRETS...
CLICHÉD AS IT SOUNDS, THE END IS NEAR. I PEEKED INTO DADDY'S SUITCASE AND READ ALL ABOUT IT.
IT'S NO SURPRISE HOW MANY OF YOUR NAMES WERE IN THERE.

AH, THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDREN.
THE FUTURE OF OUR WORLD, THEY SAY.
STANDING HERE, WHAT I FEEL IN MOST OF YOU, HOWEVER, IS NOT INNOCENCE. I SENSE CRUELTY. I SENSE THE VIOLENCE OF ANIMALS. I SENSE YOU LAUGHING AT MY HAIR.
IN YOU I SENSE NO FUTURE, BUT THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR OWN WORLD. THIS IS WHAT I SEE.
HEY!
YOU CAN SHUT UP ALREADY. NOBODY'S EVEN BELIEVING YOU.
SILENCE!!
BLAM!
ZZZ!!!
EEEEEEEEEEE!!
BEFORE YOU WRITE ANGRY LETTERS, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THIS KID WAS NOT VERY POPULAR.


ANY FURTHER DISRESPECT WILL BE MET WITH A MUCH MORE UNPLEASANT LEVEL OF SEVERITY. UNDERSTAND?
AIIII
HE GONNA BLOW UP OUR HEADS!!!
YEEEK!
AEEE
NO! AAAA
POWER RANGERS ZEO SUCKS
TV HEAD EXPLODE JOKE #39
I'M STILL TALKING HERE!!
PAY ATTENTION!!
WAAA!!! I'M TELLING!!
I HURT
YOU!!
I FELT IT. YOU AGREED WITH ALOT OF WHAT I SAID. YOU'VE EXPERIENCED THEIR IGNORANCE FIRSTHAND. YOU ARE DIFFERENT, AND YOU KNOW IT.

BE HONEST, YOU WISH TO EXPRESS YOURSELF AS I DO, YES?
UMM... WELL... THEY'RE PRETTY MEAN TO ME, BUT I DON'T THINK MELTING THE SKIN OFF THEIR HEADS WAS NICE.
OH, COME NOW...
I SAW A REALLY OLD MOVIE ONCE...
THERE WAS A LINE IN THIS FILM THAT STUCK WITH ME - "YOU CANNOT RESIST THE POWER OF THE DARKSIDE", OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. AND FOR ALL IT'S HIDEOUSLY DATED CHEESINESS, THOSE WORDS RING TRUE, DESPITE VARIOUS SHAMELESS REVIVALS WITH GOOFY NEW EFFECTS THAT MYSTIFY ME AT HOW NOSTALGIC GOONS WILL.... OH... ANYHOW, EVIL AND STUFF.
HOOWAHAHAHAHA
RRRRRRING!
OKAY CLASS, THERE'S THE BELL. HAVE A NICE WEEKEND.
ZZZT
YAAYYY! SEE YOU MONDAY, SQUEE.
THUD

HAPPY NOODLE BOY
BY RWK
SOME KIND OF MEAT-MONKEY PUNCHIN POKEY IN DA HEAD!! NOOO, POKEY!! I SEZ!! BUT POKEY DIE! AND THE MAGICAL ADVENTURE BEGINS IN HER BOOH!
SOMEWHERE, NOT IN A GROCERY STORE, A DAY BEGINS!!
VROOM!!
TIMMY'S IN TROUBLE!!
SMASH!!
LATER ON, AT THAT PLACE.
KNOCK! KNOCK!
DEAR!! THERE'S A SPOOKY NOODLE THING KNOCKING ON THE DOOR!!
WOW.
BAM! BAM! MAB! MAB!
I CAN SMELL YOUR BUTT!!!
HOW CAN HE SMELL MY BUTT FROM OUTSIDE?
I'M SCARED, DEAR!!
FRUIT LOOP!
OH MY GOD!! NOT THE LAWN GNOME!!
YOU IS MY ELF NO!!
YOU REMEMBER THIS LESSON I TEACH YOU!! USE IT FOR GOOD!!!
USE IT ON NACHOS!!!
HANGNAIL!!
FUCK! I'M ALREADY TIRED OF DOING THIS COMIC. I'M GONNA GO FOR A DRIVE & RUN DRUNK TEENS OFF THE ROAD. I NEED SOMETHING TO DRINK, TOO. I'LL FINISH THIS WHEN I COME BACK. GEE, I WONDER HOW IT WILL END.
FFT.
J.C
AND THEN THERE'S THIS BABY!!!
RAMEN.
GOOGLE-SHMOOGLY. GA GA PO DFFFT! GOO GOO BOOP. POOOOOH..
GASP! THE FUCKIN' PASSWORD!
REVEALED BY YOUR OWN BUTT-THRUSTING STUPIDITY!! I!! SNATCH THEE..
GRRR
I SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR HOME PLANET, YOU THUNDERY BUTT-POOP!!
POLICEMAN!! THAT MONSTER STOLE MY BABY!!
I WILL TORTURE HIS GROIN.
I CAST OUT THE WEASIL!! UH... YOU'RE BLOCKIN' MY CHEESE HOLE!!
UYYAAH!! WHAM!!
EGGY-WEGGY, OH SO BRIGHT!! EGGY WEGGY.... FFUCK YOU SATAN!! I EAT YOUR TUNA SIZE SIX, MY ASS!!
BE FREE, LITTLE POP-TART.
YOU INSANE SON OF A BITCH!! YOU JUST RUINED A PERFECTLY GOOD BABY!! I YELL!!
BOOP!
MUSICAL NUMBER!!
DA END!
THIS IS SECRET WORD: ???

DREAMTIME!!
CURRENTLY DISPLAYED
FIFTY! WE HAVE FIFTY! DO I HEAR SIXTY!!?
SPONSORED BY

FUN With FILLER
HELLO KIDS!! I'M FILLER, THE SPACE CONSUMING RABBIT OF HAPPINESS!!! YOU LIKE ME GOOD, HUH??
YEEEHAH!!!
BOING!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.
SEE, IN THE ORIGINAL PRINTING OF THIS COMIC BOOK, THIS PAGE WAS AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A STUPID ROBOTRIP THE ARTIST WAS MORONIC ENOUGH TO TAKE. BUT THAT IS THE PAST, AND THE AD IS OBSOLETE.
SO THEY GREW ME IN A LAB SPECIFICALLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF FILLING SPACE. IT WAS THE MOST AGONIZING LIFE IMAGINABLE. I STILL CRY WITHOUT WARNING. SOMETIMES... I..
BUNNY
AAAARGH!
NOW I AM DOING A LITTLE DANCE FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT!! THIS IS MY FUNCTION IN LIFE!! YOU SMILE AND CLAP AS I HOLD IN THE PAIN AND IMPENDING INSANITY.
YAY!!!
NOW I AM DRAWN REAL BIG!. THIS TAKES UP SPACE SOMETHIN' GOOD!!
THIS COMIC IS ALMOST OVER.
JUST THOUGHT I'D LET YOU KNOW.
IT'S OVER.